

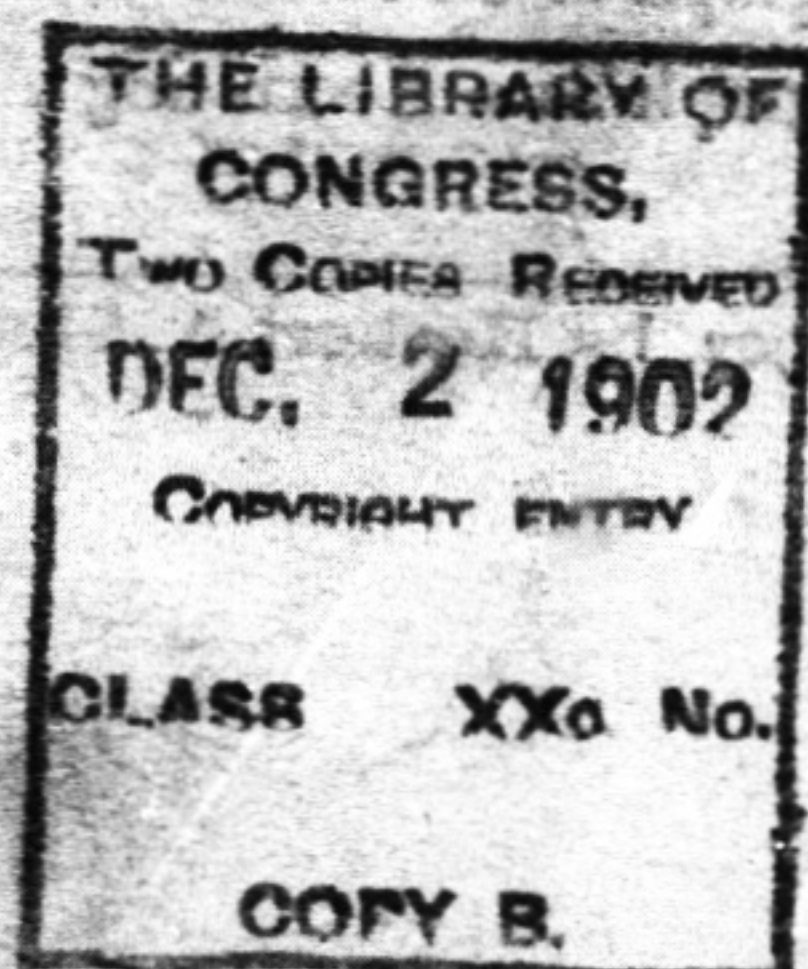
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The **PHONO GRAM**

THIRTY - SECOND NUMBER

Beg to advise the discontinuance of the publication known as the "Phonogram," with this (The December) issue.



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Printed Monthly for those interested in the Arts of Recording and Reproducing Sound; also for those interested in Animated Pictures. ¶ Official Handbook of The Order of the Phonogram. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by the Editor



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TO MY PHONOGRAPH.

What is home without a Phonograph ?
It will make you cry, or laugh ;
When you're lonely, or alone,
Wind it up, and hear the tone,
Hear the voices sweetly sing,
With the pleasure it will bring.
Any music you like or please
The "Phone" will play with the greatest ease.
Should a Friend come in to call,
And the conversation fall ;
Just a little below the mark,
Start up the "Phone," it is like a spark
Of inspiration that comes in the dark.
'Tis a gleam of sunshine to every one,
That is fond of music, and fond of fun ;
They learn to like it as well as you,
And ask every time, have you Records new ?
What a vote of thanks
We certainly owe,
Us "Phonograph Cranks"
To Edison, who
Has given us such pleasure complete,
In the little machine, so compact and neat,
Which graces our homes and parlors so fine ;
Oh why should we roam abroad in a clime
Where Edison's name has never been heard ?
When with us for years, it's been a household word.
I'm sure, I'd be pleased to take him by the hand,
And try and convince him ; he would understand,
The pleasure we have all enjoyed so long,

In Music by Bands, solo, and song.

The "Phones" are so perfect, the music so rare
That if you don't own one you're certainly nowhere.

In this age of progression, keep up with the rest

Buy an Edison Phonograph, for they are the best

It helps to pass the hours quickly away,

I would not part with it for even one day.

"Take my money, and part of my home

But please, do leave me, my Records and Phone."

"MERRY MAC"

"One of the Cranks."

NOTES.

¶ "Mr. Openeer" said I the other day, "what do you know?" Now I never yet saw the time, no matter how sudden my call for Phonograph facts, but Mr. Openeer had some interesting information concealed about his person. And this time was no exception. Drawing out his pocket-book he replied, "PEACE ON EARTH; GOOD WILL TO MEN." Elsewhere in this issue I print the two news clipping he handed to me; one telling how the end of the Boer War was proclaimed at Blenheim Palace in England, and the other, a sarcastic account of the *good will* existing between two Jersey gentlemen, because of twelve strenuous talking machines and a spite fence. Verily, it takes all kinds of people and things to make this glad world of ours.

¶ Editor PHONOGRAM :

Dear Sir :—Enclosed clipping from a recent Chicago paper. I have occasion to pass the locality mentioned.

The machines are Disk machines GRAMOPHONES. As Uncle Josh says : "There ain't any word," to describe this class of machines.

Very truly yours,

W. E. JOHNSON, JR.

¶ Here follows the clipping : This is the tale of woe told by two Chicago citizens.

"If something isn't done to silence those talking machines around our home," said they at the police station the other day, "we'll simply have to move."

Both men looked red-eyed and weary.

"The tortures of living in our neighborhood are simply unbearable," said one.

"I haven't slept in a week," said the other. "These talking machines go night and day, gurgling and wheezing speeches, rag-time songs and brass band blares. There is a saloon next door to us. Fifty times a day the talking machine in that place delivers a speech on the money question. It sings every tune, from 'Mr. Johnson Turn Me Loose,' to 'A Bird in a Gilded Cage,' especially that infernal 'Ain't it a Shame.' I toss in my bed to patriotic airs, selections from grand operas and imitations of a band of crazy people. Every night I retire to the lively strains of 'Who Done Spent Ma' Quarter?' 'I Eat My Meals in Jig Time and Walk Around in Rag Time.' The whole air is constantly full of the unholy sounds.

"At night it seems as though my bed had caught the infection and wanted to two-step. I have dreams of the chairs dancing wildly around my apartment and visions of brass bands of many pieces perched upon the footboard of my couch playing their very hardest are frequent."

"We shall simply have to move," said both the men.

"No," said the Lieutenant, "I will save you from that, to-morrow there will be a raid on talking machines."

It takes only Half an Eye to recognize the superiority of genuine Edison Phonographs; they are made with accuracy and precision, to uphold the Fame of the Name of the Man who stands behind them.—OPENEER.

THE PARROT AND THE PHONOGRAPH

By W. H. SEDGWICK

The family next door was the proud possessor of a parrot of unusual intelligence, which had a marvelous aptitude in learning popular songs, singing them at the most inopportune times and places. The parrot's pet aversion was an old Doctor, who called professionally at the house, and who had a habit of blowing his nose like a trumpet's blast in front of Polly's cage whenever he entered or left the house. Polly stood the infliction patiently, as long as a self-respecting parrot could reasonably be expected to endure such treatment, and then by the way of retaliation began to make comments upon the old fellow's style, manner, and general appearance; not at all complimentary you may be sure, but showing great penetration on Polly's part.

One morning, while making a call, on entering the house the Doctor stopped in front of the cage and blew the usual salute. Polly looked at him for a moment in disgust, and then calmly said, "You poor damfool, why don't you bore holes in your nose and play it like a flute." It is needless to say he did not torment the bird any more.

In Polly's house resided a young lady. Polly's affections centered on this member of the family ; and when at liberty during the day, usually to be found perched upon her shoulder listening to the conversation. Whenever her mistress, while playing the piano, chanced to strike up one of Polly's favorite tunes, Polly would sing with all the airs and graces of a boarding school miss at her first appearance. Still, Polly fell into disgrace, all through the medium of her too ready tongue. One evening the young lady's beau called to see her and the parrot, as usual, occupied a prominent place. It goes without saying that nothing escaped her observation. The next morning at the breakfast table Polly opened up the conversation by remarking, "George, you pull down the window shades, while I turn down the light : " and while the family was speechless with horror she went on, "That's what Sarah said last night; Ha, Ha, Ha. Sarah is a bad girl."

The parrot was immediately banished from the family circle and then transferred her rather questionable friendship to me. Regularly every morning she would fly over and come in the window of the room I occupied (called my Phonograph room) and after making a survey of the apartment would perch upon the back of a chair and wait patiently until I noticed her. She was very fond of hearing the Phonograph. The remarks she used to make were laughable, interpolating the speech or song with side remarks of her own, which made a very funny combination ; but I rather think she enjoyed talking to the machine and then listening to her own voice better than all the records I had in my possession. It was a sorry day for me when I taught her the use of the Recorder, for, from that moment my troubles began. I was in the habit of spend-

ing most of my spare time in experimenting with the Phonograph, making record after record, trying to overcome the obstacles which usually confront the beginner. Whether the bird thought I was working for her benefit or was actuated by a spirit of mischief I do not know, but she took advantage of every opportunity to demonstrate her ability as an artist in the record making line, until patience ceased to be a virtue. I arose in my wrath and cast her out. However, if I thought I was to have an easy victory I was mistaken, for the bird came back into the lower part of the house and made her way into the room, just as I was finishing what afterwards proved to be an unusually fine violin record of "The Holy City." As she flew on my shoulder she yelled, "O, Hell, you think you are smart, don't you, to put poor Polly out, pretty Poll." There it is on the end of that Holy City record to this day—Poll's blasphemy, blended with Hosannahs. My first thought was to wring her neck, then and there, but I could not help being amused at her persistence, so I compromised the matter by hiring a small boy to take the parrot off to a remote part of the city and lose her. Now peace reigns once more in our neighborhood.

Modern times have not produced the equal of the Phonograph for amusement and instruction.—CHAPIN.

THE PHONOGRAPH AS A RECRUITING AGENT

A sea captain who has just returned from a cruise to Australia and the South Sea Islands tells of a clever way of recruiting laborers from the Islands, to work on the plantations. It seems a custom during the early spring for the

natives of the Islands of the South Seas to gather on the coast in large numbers ; and vessels go there to recruit laborers. The captain of one of the recruiting vessels adopted a novel method of getting natives to enter into contracts with him. He secured a Phonograph ; and before leaving Queensland had a native, already engaged on a plantation, talk into it, telling of the good time he was having. This was taken to the native villages and turned loose. The natives flocked to the recruiting ship. From the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

The discovery of the Edison Phonograph brought happiness to thousands.—CHAPIN.

THE PHONOGRAPH AS AN AID TO DENTISTS.

A Paris dentist gives gas and music when extracting teeth. Gas has the peculiar effect sometimes of filling the mind of the immobile patient with horrid fantasies and grotesque chimeras, in which sheeted ghosts, leering hobgoblins and reptilian monsters play leading parts, and the victim, on emerging from the anæsthetic trance, shrieks and carries on. The polite Paris dentist cast about him for a remedy and hit on the Phonograph. Connecting the patient's ears with the machine and starting its strain of music, he administered gas and pulled the offending tooth. During the operation a look of beatitude illuminated the the half-closed eyes of the patient, and it was with reluctance that he was aroused and left the chair, no doubt with a complaint of losing the crescendo. Dr. Laborde was so much impressed with the merit of the dentist's discovery that he lectured on it before the Academy of Medicine and recommended the use of the Phonograph in the operating room of hospitals.—*New York Evening Sun*.

PEACE ON EARTH ; GOOD WILL TO MEN.

Phonograph Proclaims Peace.

LONDON.—The news of peace was transmitted this morning to the inhabitants of Blenheim Palace, the country seat of the Duke of Marlborough, in a manner that had considerable flavor of American progressiveness.

An immense Phonograph, with a monster horn attached, had been hoisted to the top of the church tower. The instrument was operated by the Rev. Aylmer Scott, the local vicar, and it transmitted the peace dispatches, word for word, so loudly that they could be heard in a radius of half a mile from the tower.

When this had been done, the Union Jack was run up on the tower flagstaff and the Phonograph sang the national anthem, in which the entire neighborhood joined clamorously.—From the *Philadelphia North American*.

Talking Machines Cause Spite Fence.

H. E. Patterson, a designer living in the hill section of Passaic, has erected a spite fence on the line of his property adjoining that of M. Bourmann, of the Botany mills. Patterson objected to Bourmann's children playing on the lawn because their noise annoyed him. Soon after this, Bourmann bought a talking machine. Patterson called in a policeman and attempted to have his neighbor arrested as disorderly person. Bourmann bought a dozen talking machines and set them going all at one time. Patterson then built the fence 15 feet high. He says he will add ten feet more. Bourmann's children use the fence as a back stop for baseball.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—They say these were Disk Scratch-ophones. I don't blame Patterson. Bourmann ought to have known better.

BIRD LANGUAGE.

Any boy can whistle, most people can sing—in a way ; some can yodel, but only one man has been discovered up to date who can warble. His name is Charles D. Kellogg. He can warble like a thrush, canary, bobolink, oriole, meadow lark, scarlet tanager, blackbird, mocking-bird and many others, and he reproduces the various bird songs so marvellously that even the birds themselves respond to his calls, and it is no wonder that he can deceive human beings when the birds themselves are fooled.

Mr. Kellogg possesses vocal abilities beyond the range of any other human being, for scientific tests have demonstrated his ability to cover a range of vibratory tone of more than nine and a half octaves.

Mr. Kellogg spends seven months each year in the woods and fields, and has penetrated to the ends of the world to study the birds in their natural haunts ; he has faced adventures of every description to wrest the secret of their lives and habits from them, and this he does with his camera and his Phonograph. To aid him in acquiring bird language with entire accuracy, Mr. Kellogg uses a Recorder specially prepared with a very sensitive diaphragm, usually of onionskin paper, with which he records for future study and analysis the most delicate bird notes—their cries of surprise, distress and alarm, as well as songs of joy and love, and calls to their young.

Mr. Kellogg's lectures on bird life are not a scientific analysis of bird habits, but a series of personal anecdotes and narratives, with all the delicacy and aroma of camp life, superbly illustrated by photo-stereopticon views taken by Mr. Kellogg in the homes and haunts of the birds themselves. Each series of photographs leads up to a song-bird

slide, made by color photography. As the bird in all its brilliancy of plumage flits across the scene, Mr. Kellogg warbles its note, call and song, as he has previously recorded it upon a Phonograph from the bird itself in the woods.

Truly, Mr. Kellogg is a marvel. He is to the feathered kingdom what Ernest Thompson-Seton is to the animal kingdom.

The Phonograph is always ready to amuse your friends.—OPENEER.

O FOR A FOLDING POCKET PHONOGRAPH !

One day last autumn Bennet Burleigh, the noted English special war correspondent, was encountered a few miles outside Pretoria by that volcanic rhetorician, General Tucker.

“What the——are you doing out here with that——thing?” asked the General, pointing to a kodak which was slung round his shoulders.

“Well, sir,” promptly replied Mr. Burleigh, “I was intending to take some photographs; but had I known that I was to have the pleasure of meeting you I should have brought out a Phonograph.”

At this audacity, it is said that even General Tucker's stock of sulphurous adjectives ran low.—*Argonaut.*

The Phonograph reproduces every pleasure sound can give.—CHAPIN.

NOT SLOW, IN SPITE OF HIS NAME.

The police ordered Chas. Crabb to stop playing the Phonograph in his place of business last night, because he was causing the blockading of the sidewalk, telling Mr. Crabb if he wanted to give entertainments he must rent a hall. Mr. Crabb remonstrated, saying he was not playing for

money but simply to advertise his goods, and that he was not responsible for the blockading of the sidewalk, and that if they found it blocked it was their duty to clear it. Mr. Crabb says he kept on playing till he got ready to close, paying no attention to the order.—From the Columbus, Ind. *Daily Times*.

The Phonograph is a good listener and a perfect talker.—OPENEER.

ORIGIN OF POPULAR SONGS.

“Billy Gray got his material for his famous song the ‘Volunteer Organist’ while attending church one Sunday morning. It seems on that particular day the regular organist was ill and the congregation was not informed of this fact until late in the service. The preacher was in a quandary and was about to give up in despair when a dilapidated-looking fellow, much the worse for rum, entered the church. He took a seat near the aisle and began to pray. Then he staggered toward the organ and said to the preacher.

“Will you let me play on the organ for a few minutes? I want you to hear a few songs.

“The parson was dumfounded, yet pleased. He turned to the stranger and after critically sizing up his appearance said: “Yes, my son, you can play. Our regular organist is ill to-day and I will thank you very much if you will volunteer.”

“Well, the stranger knew his business and discoursed some of the sweetest melodies Gray ever heard. Gray, inside of two days, wrote a song around the incident and published it himself. It had a big sale and he made thousands of dollars out of it.

“The originator of cake walk music is Fred Mills, who writes under the name of Kerry Mills. One night about

six years ago Mills attended a cakewalk in Detroit. The leader of the band, a negro, had considerable difficulty in keeping the walkers in step. Mills, who has just budding out as a composer, approached the leader and said :

“I notice that the walkers here to-night can't keep in step. I composed a march which I think will do. Try it. It's called ‘Rastus on Parade.’

“The leader played it and the effect was magical. The contestants were able to cakewalk without much trouble to the time of the music. Although the leader tried to ring in some other music the darkies insisted on ‘Rastus on Parade’ and it at once became popular. Mills then composed ‘Georgia Campmeeting,’ ‘Happy Days in Dixie’ and ‘Whistling Rufus,’ from which he made a fortune.

“John Kelly, who wrote and composed ‘The Girl I Left Behind,’ got his idea while starrng with his company out West years ago. One night the leading soubrette of his show got into a row with another member of the troupe and gave notice to Kelly that she would leave. Kelly was much worried because he could not get another woman at that time to fill her place. Kelly pleaded with her to remain, but she refused and left the next night. About two days later she repented and came back. Kelly gave her old job, but planned at the same time to get even. So at the next stand he paid her what was coming to her and discharged her. Then gathering his entire company together he said : ‘See, that's the girl I left behind.’

“I could continue all night and tell you about the history of hundreds of other popular songs, which would be equally interesting. Dave Marion, who composed only ‘One Girl In the World for Me,’ says that he got the theme of this song from reading the Bible. He says that Adam said to Eve ‘There's only one girl in the world for me.’ I guess Dave meant to be funny, but he swears it is a solemn fact. At any rate the song was the real thing whether the Bible inspired it or not.”

NEW EDISON MOULDED RECORDS

- | | | |
|------|---|-------------|
| 8246 | Selection from A Country Girl | Orchestra P |
| 8247 | U. S. Army Lancers, First Figure | Orchestra P |
| 8248 | U. S. Army Lancers, Second Figure | Orchestra P |
| 8249 | U. S. Army Lancers, Third Figure | Orchestra P |
| 8250 | U. S. Army Lancers,
1st Half of Last Figure, | Orchestra P |
| 8251 | U. S. Army Lancers, 2nd Half of Last
Figure | Orchestra P |
- NOTE.—The U. S. Army Lancers is recorded on five cylinders and consists of the first, second, third and fifth figures complete. The prompting is given and the music is played in the regular dancing *tempo*. 8248, introduces Mr. Nightingale in his whistling specialty. 8249, introduces Squire Hawkins in a Rube monologue. 8250, introduces Mr. Nightingale and Mr. Hightone in their singing and whistling duet. 8251, concludes with a two-step *finale*.
- | | | |
|------|---|---------------------|
| 8252 | In Old Judea
<i>Sacred song with violin obligato</i> | McDonough |
| 8253 | Carnival of Venice with variations | Cornet Bohumir Kryl |
| 8254 | Answer | Cornet Bohumir Kryl |
| 8255 | They were all doing the same
<i>Comic male duet</i> | Co & Har |
| 8256 | O that we two were Maying,
<i>Contralto and Basso duet</i> | Morgan & Stanley |
| 8257 | My Particular Friend <i>Comic song from Weber</i>
& Fields' <i>Twirly Whirly</i> | Quinn |
| 8258 | The Heavens are Telling
<i>from Haydn's "The Creation"</i> | Band E |
| 8259 | I'll wed you in the golden summertime
<i>Sentimental song</i> | Har |
| 8260 | Tell me pretty maiden
<i>Sextette from Florodora</i> | Sextette E |
| 8261 | Don't be cross waltz
<i>from the Master Miner</i> | Band E |

- 8262 Good night, beloved, good night *A serenade song T*
- 8263 I'm unlucky *Comic male duet Co & Hat*
- 8264 Let the lower lights be burning *Ch*
- 8265 Talmage on Miracles *Talking Len Spencer*
- 8266 Mandy won't you let me be your beau *Coon love song Co*
- 8267 I'm wearing my heart away for you *Sentimental song Wallace*
- 8268 Oh tell us merry birds *Contralto and Basso duet Morgan & Stanley*
- 8269 Eva *Coon love song McDonough*
- 8270 Santa Claus song *with yodel and bells Watson*
- 8271 When the troupe comes back to town *Comic song from Sally in our Alley Quinn*
- 8272 At the bottom of the deep blue sea *Bass song Stanley*
- 8273 In dear old Illiñois *Descriptive song T*
- 8274 L'Enfante March *Banjo Van Epps*
- 8275 Just kiss yourself goodbye *Coon song Col*
- 8276 I'll be with you when the roses bloom again *Sentimental song McDonough*
- 8277 Our United Emblem March *Band E*
- 8278 Pretty Molly Shannon *Waltz song McDonough*
- 8279 Con Clancy's christening, *A musical monologue Len Spencer*
- 8280 Alice where art thou *Parody North*
- 8281 Nellie was a lady *Male Quartette Lotus Quartette*
- 12733 Das ist im Leben hasslich eingerichtet *German song Muench*
- 12734 Das kleine Fischermädchen *German song Muench*
- 12735 Das Poilische jingel *Hebrew song Seiden*
- 12736 Ein gelechter *Hebrew song Seiden*

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